Beloved Monster

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by AmandeBw

Summary

Hannibal knew since the first day he'd seen him that Will Graham was his and his alone.

The second Hannibal had seen him he had known that he would do anything he could to have Will Graham as his own. It took time and a lot of patience, but he would wait an eternity for his Will. His darling boy was… extraordinary. Even without his empathy, Will was the only one that could ever manage to captivate him.

Was it really all that surprising that the second he scented the encephalitis on his beautiful brain Hannibal informed him of its existence? Because he did it without hesitation and he never regretted it. His sweet and beautiful Will relied on him so much during that time, from helping him recognize what was a hallucination to just cooking a delicious meal after a day filled with medical tests. Day by day, he could see Will fall deeper and deeper into his web.

Unfortunately, his dear Will had always been rather shy when it came to romantic relationships, so Hannibal took the first step and asked him out. His Will had flushed oh so beautifully at his proposal and had promptly agreed. Although Hannibal had always known Will belonged to him, now the whole world would also know.

Of course, this caused some slight problems when pesky… Bugs decided that Will wasn't worthy of him, but he took great pleasure in educating them on their mistake. They were the ones unworthy of his attention.

After seeing how these bugs had acted, he knew that more would come, so he waited and watched. Carefully building his web thread by thread to protect Will, Hannibal waited for more bugs to foolishly fly toward their death. He made sure to observe all who approached his dear Will and would remove them if necessary.

He was meticulous in this endeavor. But despite his thoroughness, he hadn't expected someone to just take his Will out of the blues. He had never thought someone would dare take him in this manner, for no other reason than his beauty, and he should have. Will, after all, was a work of art. But, more importantly, Will was his and he did not like others touching what belonged to him.

It took him barely an hour after the FBI notified him of Will's disappearance to track down the pig who had stolen him. He calmly prepared his tools for the trip, making a mistake after all this time just because he let his emotions get the best of him simply wouldn't do. Carefully, he packed each item in his bag, making sure that he had everything ready before driving off.

Once he arrived at the culprit's house, he pretended to have a flat tire and knocked on the door. He waited patiently as the pig opened his door letting him in, and when the pig had his back turned... he struck. Once the man was secured, Hannibal took out his tools and waited for the man to awaken before he started the interrogation. In barely ten minutes the pig - coward that he was - told him all he needed to know so he - merciful man that he is - put him back to sleep. This pig had taken his Will with the foulest of intents, he wouldn't get any mercy from him. Maybe Will would even want to take revenge himself, wouldn't that simply be wonderful? Unfortunately, his precious boy still needed a push in the right direction before his becoming. This meant that after this, Hannibal would need to keep him locked up for a bit

to help him see reason. Of course, this is a necessary evil, and it was for the best. Will should recover from this dreadful incident in peace and Italy was lovely this time of the year.

Dragging the pig down to Will's prison, Hannibal finally laid his eyes on his love. Will, upon spotting him, frowned and said, "I love you Hannibal, but if you try to feed him to me I will murder you. His flesh isn’t even good enough to serve as dog food." Shocked, Hannibal stared at Will. It seems his sweet Will already knew and hadn't told anyone, maybe that trip to Italy wasn’t needed after all - or at least not for its original purpose. Hannibal fondly glanced at Will, a bit offended that his love actually thought he'd ever dare serve him this pig, and replied, "Of course not my dear Will, I’d never dare to serve you such trash."

The End

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